SECTION I.

East Oregonian.

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EASTERN OREGON, ITS RESOURCES AND POSSIBILITIES

A Bird's-Eye Glance at a Region Abounding in Natural Advantages.

MINING AND STOCK RAISING

Wool and Mutton Yield Big Returns to Contented Flockmasters.

LAND OF MARVELOUS FERTILITY

Vast Fields of Waving Grain, Orchards Loaded With Luscious Fruits, and Gardens Crowded With Things of Nourishment Reward the Husbandman.

In consenting to write an article on Eastern Oregon for the East Oregonian, I cannot hope to say anything new to the generality of its readers, or to present facts in sufficiently definite detail to be of much practical value to Eastern people. But possibly I may exhale a breath of encouragement, or scatter some small seeds of information, or draw the rude outlines of a picture that will prompt a closer scrutiny, on the part of some one, of the interesting original. Indeed, to me, it is a picture, vast and variegated, "hung on memory's walls." We are chiefly concerned in the changes, industrial and sociological, wrought rapidly during the past generation or two on the surface by man; but if we could view, as in a panorama, the slower and deeper changes wrought during the milliard of years agone by the forces of nature, we would stand dumb with awesome interest. Then we can only imagine, even after science has loosened over that region all its local or visiting glow-worms. But so far as we can guess, we see, first, chaos; second, ocean; third, after prehistoric convulsions and upheavals, an inland sea; then widespread, vast and inconceivably mighty deluges of lava; next, untold centuries of the silenter, steadier work of the elements; wind and wave, and iceberg, and rain, and sun; of disintegration and erosion; of inappreciable snails making soil and invisible germs peeping into their infinitely lowly life; finally, of further drainage of waters, growth of forests, spread of flora and fauna, multiplication of beasts and birds, and—the advent upon the scene, when it was ready for him, of Man. This creature, Man, like the insectivorae and the animalculae and the germen that precede him, always finds, in these latter days, the place that nature has made fit for his habitation.

A "NEW" COUNTRY.

Much of Eastern Oregon is yet a "new country" in more than one sense. In another million years nature will improve it, as a whole, very much. But that is not of interest to us. Where the processes of nature have been carried far enough, Eastern Oregon is rich in varied resources. Spots upon which she once poured her besom of destruction are now blooming slopes upon her bounteous bosom. The region is comparatively new yet, too, in settlement and in industry; men may read this who saw it when it was almost raw. Men yet living remember when its prairies bore no crops, when no bands of stock fed upon its ranges, and when no eye had searched its crevices for its millions of precious metals. What has been done in it by man has been done in less than half a century; most of it, indeed, in the space of one generation. Considering the adolescent stage of its development, and the fact that nearly all its settlers were poor people, whose main efforts have necessarily been confined to producing and providing the necessaries of life, Eastern Oregon has made creditable progress. Its development will be surer hereafter, if slower. The men who sought that region only to try their luck and leave, are mostly gone; haphazard and spasmodic methods are becoming out of date; most of the people of Eastern Oregon now prefer it to live in and die in to any other region; they are becoming more "settled," steady, thrifty and "civilized." It will be seen a little farther on that I use that last term in no offensive sense.

A BIRD'S-EYE GLANCE.

Eastern Oregon is in form nearly a rectangle, oblongish from north to south, containing an area of some 64,000 square miles, and, as locally understood, is all that part of Oregon lying east of the summit of the Cascade mountains and including Lake and Klamath counties. As compared to many other geographical and political divisions, it is a big patch. I have stood on elevations from which I could see over thousands of square miles of it, lying like a great gray plain with streaks and spots of hills and ridges and depressions, silent, serene, sphinx-like. It is a region of mingled mountain, forest, plain and desert, with each of their appurtenant and appendant threads or fringes of rivers and creeks, narrow valleys and gorges, broken and and rolling uplands, foothills and ridges, glades and grottoes. In it all one may not find scenery equal to that of Switzerland, but there is at least a variety. Much of the whole is waste land for a million years or so yet, but enough is good, and very good, to support at least ten times its present population in comfort and independence. The climate is not perfect; in this respect it is not exactly the land at all seasons that the poet alluded to when he wrote "Know ye the land," etc.; nor are its breezes always as soft as those reputed to blow o'er Ceylon's isle; yet generally in its arable and otherwise adaptable and resourceful portions it is moderate, temperate, healthful; an improvement on Minnesota or Iowa for example, on one hand, and on Mississippi or Tennessee on the other. In thus glancing over it from my arm chair eyrie, I behold places high and low; century-old banks of snow and shifting drifts of scorching sands; rocky ridges where a mustard seed could scarce reach a bed of earth, and miles upon miles of glinting grain fields; mountain forest jungles so dark and deep that the bear is safe and the bird unscared, and orchards and gardens loaded and crowded with all that a fever-dream could conjure of nourishment and lusciousness. I see also thousands of those noble toilers who are the backbone of our country, farmers, in their broad and fertile fields, and other hundreds, soon to be thousands if not already, seeking and finding the precious stuff that the world worships. I see toilers of all sorts, in this mottled picture, and here and there I hear the din of busy, bustling little cities; and then I see a moving thread of smoke and hear a faint, occasional sound in the the distance. A few years ago the path these phenomena follow was an Indian path; then a pack-trail; later a stage and freight-road; and now a transcontinental train rushes along it at the rate of forty miles an hour.

UNADMINISTRATED ADVANTAGES

Taken all in all, Eastern Oregon is a region suitable for the development of an excellent quality of manhood. These very varieties of elevation, climate, topography, meteorology, geographical features, landscape, soil, surface and adaptability of nature's work to many needs and conditions and temperaments, are calculated to induce in the inhabitants of such a region a broad and flexible character, an untrammeled and many-idead mind, and an intuitive love of freedom. Why, I have seen "cowboys" on your plains that had a broader and better idea of life, the world, and humanity, than some college-bred preachers I have met in the "crowded marts of men." There one sees and hears and feels more of nature than one can in a place where all nature is the same, and his environment is the same as that of all those with whom he comes in contact. The man who grades through snow in June or July—for a little while; or he who travels from his mountain and forest-girt home across many miles of prairie and desert; or the city-dweller who rides in a day to the haunts of the wild deer, is a broader, wiser, better man for the experience. Men need blasts that buffet as well as breezes that breathe balm. To leave a streak of desert and in an hour behold a fertile farm is a goodly, instructive sight; to pick a flour with one hand and at the same time roll a snowball with the other is a lesson from God. To come, after wandering, luckless and hungry, through the mountains, upon a sheep-camp with plenty of "grub," is better than a feast at the end of a journey in a palace car—at least once or twice. To be able to walk one day a mile or two across a single wheat field, and the next to go several thousand feet into the tunnel of a mine, is better than to have been always in either the field or the tunnel. All such varieties of experience, or frequent contact with men of different occupations and modes of life from our own, is education. It insensibly makes us not only wiser, but stronger, freer, more charitable, more discerning, broader at bottom, more resourceful at the top. Hence the people of Eastern Oregon are generally, in this sense, wide-awake, worldly, sensible, educated. As a rule they are liberal, charitable, free-minded, clear-eyed, capable. May not the environment suggested have its influence in making them so? If so, it is worthy of weight. We live but little space; whatever helps us to live best and be most is valuable.

MINING AND STOCK RAISING.

If the foregoing theory is considered too fine-spun for use, I wil guide my wayward pen into more practical channels, to which it naturally turns from this wild-wood scamper. And I write to encourage, not to inform. In Eastern Oregon, as well as elsewhere, one may engage in any one of many pursuits. The occupation of the first civilized immigrants was mining, and that will be a leading industry for generations to come. Great wealth has been taken from the mines of Eastern Oregon, but only a bagatelle to what the future will yield. For good, self-reliant prospectors there is yet an ample and promising field; but what is needed now most is capital to develop mines whose development requires much money. To secure this, and to see that it is only honestly utilized, there should be continued and concerted effort in those counties where minerals abound. Why, Eastern Oregon in ten years ought to have 10,000 miners at work profitably. I don't enlarge on the benefits of paying mines; they are patent. In and around a prosperous mining region everybody prospers—or can. We're all linked together, like galley slaves—only so loosely that we don't mind it. If one rises into purer air and brighter sunlight, he raises everybody around him a little.

The next class of settlers in Eastern Oregon were stock-raisers. The old ranges, in all their exuberant abundance of nutritious grasses, are not there as formerly; but that region will always be a good one for stock raising. The stock raising area of the country is decreasing; therefore let the Eastern Oregon stock-raiser pursue his calling hopefully, even confidently. The horse, for the time, has fallen into a state of comparative desuetude; but the Eastern Oregon steer will be a thing of profitable procreation as long as humanity continues to be carniverous. You already send scores of carloads to Omaha and Chicago, as well as to Puget Sound and Portland; and if there is profit in it, as there must be, what better can an honest man do? Let no stock-raiser suppose I am "fresh" enough, even in speaking of fresh meat, to advise him about his business; but may it not be improved upon, extended, made more beneficial to both yourself and the world? Live and learn; practice and grow more perfect in everything. Help our unborn great-grand children to enjoy the millenium.

Eastern Oregon produces some twelve or thirteen million pounds of wool—isn't it? in spite of no tariff. With or without a tariff, portions of Eastern Oregon will always be a fine sheep country. Sheep, like best, will always bring a good price comparatively at least. If you're making a living, stick to your flocks. You're doing as well as the most. Hops too—but, strange though it may seem—while I never spoke a disrespectful word of a nice, fresh, well-cooked piece of roast pork, of porkchop, or sparerib, or sausage, or ham, or bacon, or head-cheese, or pig's-feet, or even liver, I claim no intimate acquaintance with them in a state of life and activity. But I digress. I was saying that, as one goes in Eastern Oregon, there will be the best and there are many places in that region where they thrive as naturally as the two-legged species are said by some cynical people to do in our fair capital city.

GRAIN RAISING.

As everybody acquainted with Eastern Oregon knows, portions of it are unexcelled in the whole country for wheat-raising. Every summer I read of yields of 40, 50, and occasionally 55 or 60 bushels to the acre; and I believe it, because I have been there myself. Prosecuted as a single industry, year after year, wheat-raising cannot be profitable anywhere any more; unless it be in some strips of country comprising the bench lands and foothills in Umatilla county, and in Eastern Washington. The Eastern Oregon land, where arable, and in belts of sufficient moisture—in the aggregate quite a large area—is of marvelous fertility, and grain-raising will always constitute the main industry of this region. Yet here, as in other industries, improvement in many instances may be made. Farmers must learn—if all of them have not already—to "take pains"—to put forth their best efforts—to economize in every way, without being parsimonious. "Diversified farming" is, however, as a rule, the only hope of permanent success. There is room for the farming population to grow very much yet in Eastern Oregon, if the farmers will do as they have to do in less favored Eastern states—produce a variety, and make the most of each. If any Eastern reader is interested to know, I will state that the grain-raising region of Eastern Oregon embraces a large portion of Umatilla, Morrow, Gilliam, Sherman and Wasco counties; a considerable part of Union county, strips in Wallowa, Baker and Grant counties, and large undeveloped areas in Lake and Klamath counties—larger in the aggregate than some of your Eastern states. All produce barley and oats as well, and various kinds of hay. Union county is especially good for hay as well as grain; hence for cattle feeding. Portions of all these counties are well adapted to stock raising, but the great stock counties are Wallowa, Union, Malheur, Harney, Grant, Crook, Klamath and Lake. The richest mineral counties are Baker, Grant and Union, though minerals are found in others.

FRUIT AND OTHER THINGS.

Oregon fruit took the first prizes at the World's Fair in Chicago. Some of it came from Eastern Oregon. The best exhibit at the recent Industrial Exposition in Portland was from Eastern Oregon—the Walla Walla valley, around Milton, Umatilla county, and the Columbia river region in Wasco county. Oregon fruit "beats the world." It is big, bold, blushing, beautiful; solid, yet tender; luscious and delicious. It can be raised in all your counties, and when within reasonable distance of transportation facilities is profitable. Get a few acres of fruit land; live easy and make money. How many comfortable little homes are there in Eastern as well as Southern Oregon where a family is well supported from the products of a few acres of fruit land? Hundreds of them. And there is room for hundreds more.

Eastern Oregon, though largely a prairie, has plenty of timber. This supplies many saw mills, and gives work to tie-makers, and wood-choppers, and house-builders, and even splinter-whittlers. All but the last can get therefrom a living. Then I need not speak to old residents of that region of the hundreds of thousands of acres that [illegible] these wooded hills, not of the game that roams in less accessible places, nor of the myriads of fish that glide and gambol in the numberless mountain streams. Once I caught—but no, this is a descriptive article, and it must not be embellished with any fish stories.

What all else Eastern Oregon does or might produce I haven't space to mention—if I knew. I know there are good dairy regions, and the best of butter and cheese can be made, and sold at a good price. I believe it is claimed that sugar beets can be raised in paying quality and quantities in some localities—I know that other beets as well as other kinds of vegetables grow to such size and perfection that if I should tell the truth about what I have seen a New Englander wouldn't believe me though I furnished an affidavit that I am a deacon and voted for McKinley. At least this I know: that all things adaptable to this latitude, necessary or useful for man's comfort and livelihood, can be produced in Eastern Oregon, and generally with less effort and sacrifice than are required in most parts of our country.

CLIMATE.

Perhaps I've said enough about climate, unless for the benefit of some Michigander or Vermonter who thinks we're frozen up out here about seven months in the year—as he is. For my part, I don't care much about climate—within reasonable Caristian limits. I think, like Dr. Johnson, that climate, or rather its effect on people, is largely the result of imagination. I never inquired much about climate since I received a sample of Nevada climate many years ago, while in New York, in an air-tight bottle, in answer to my anxious inquiry about it. Well, Eastern Oregon is cold in winter and hot in summer; sometimes hotter and sometimes colder; hotter down along the Columbia river sands in summer, where I have seen the silver bug in one of the late Mr. Farenheit's machines go up to the 115-degree mark; colder in winter on the higher elevations, where occasionally said silver bug gives up his job temporarily and gets himself into a monkery—or out of sight. But ordinarily the climate is generally equable most of the year. Winters are comparatively short; snow or freezing weather lasts but a very few weeks as a rule, perhaps five or six on an average; and likewise the summer heat is not usually prolonged beyond a short season. The extremes I mentioned occurred at exceptional places—where nobody lives. The climate is also exceptionally healthful. Oregon shows the lowest death-rate of any state except two or three, and Eastern Oregon is the healthiest part of it. People die there; and some even allow themselves to be swindled by quack doctors; but your Northeasterner needn't keep away—if he has some money—on account of the climate. It will be an agreeable change for him. And after he has lived here a few years it would take a sheriff with two or three well-fed deputies to carry him out of the country.

SCHOOLS, CHURCHES, ETC.

Neither let an timid Eastern friend suppose Eastern Oregon is a lawless, half-civilized place. It has schools equal to those of almost any Eastern state, and has as many of them in proportion to the population. Oregon is blessed with a liberal school system, and its children are as well provided for in an educational way as those of the average Northern state. O yes, the teacher is abroad in the land, and the children of 12 in Eastern Oregon know more now than those of 16 did 30 years ago "back East."

As to churches, one can find any denomination he wants, and not travel far; to say nothing of scores of "evangelists," "healers," "armies," and religious dissenters, fakers, frauds, mountebanks, and monomaniacs of all imaginable sorts, styles, sizes and sexes.

The secret societies are all well represented in the towns; and there are all the usual educational, literary, social, religious, charitable and industrial societies, organizations, lodges, camps, orders, conventicles and "functions" that can possibly be good for anyone who imagines that they are good for him.

Of course, as yet, not much progress has been made in manufacturing in Eastern Oregon, and within moderate lines there is a good field for enterprise and capital in this direction. There is a wool scouring and woolen manufacturing establishment at Pendleton; large flouring mills at various points; saw mills many in the mountains, etc. Every considerable town has one or more reliable banks; the newspapers would in almost each case do credit to a much larger town than that in which it is published; and a brighter, more liberal and honorable class of business men generally can be found nowhere.

Eastern Oregon, considering its situation, topography, etc., is well supplied with transportation facilities. Now that the Cascade locks are completed that part of it tributary to The Dalles will be greatly benefited; and sometime in the future—may most of us live to see the day—there will be an Open River for all of Northern and Eastern Oregon.

IRRIGATION.

Much of the cultivable soil of Eastern Oregon needs no irrigation to induce it to produce abundantly; other large areas would yield much larger and surer crops if irrigated; and still other portions must be supplied artificially with water to produce crops at all, but with irrigation will be marvelously fertile. Under the recent decision of the United States supreme court in the "Wright case," and the state law already in force in Oregon, I hope to see much progress made in Eastern Oregon in the next few years in the way of reclaiming arid lands by irrigation. Some efforts in that direction have already been sufficiently successful to encourage other similar enterprises. It is well known by those who are familiar with the subject that a few acres of the sandy, volcanic soil of the arid districts of Eastern Oregon, if supplied with water by irrigation, are more reliable and valuable than a much larger tract situated in a locality where irrigation is not deemed necessary. The weather god, even in the best of climates, is capricious; he seems to like to play a joke occasionally on poor toiling humanity in the shape of a drouth, or by going on a "toot" with Jupiter Pluvius; but with ditches filled with water from a never-failing source, the intelligence of man can defy that bugbear to so many agriculturalists, the "weather"—or at least that phase of it known as meteorology. Better a little tract, thus supplied with water, of the Columbia sands or the Walla Walla valley gravel, than a large and fertile grain ranch. The amount of produce that such a small tract will turn off is simply incredible, to those who have not witnessed the results. And even if the irrigated district does not lie contiguous to transportation facilities, and therefore is not profitable for fruit, vegetables, etc., yet in consequence of the great quantities of alfalfa and other grasses, and vegetables suited for stock, to say nothing of grains and the hardier fruits, that it will produce, its value is scarcely less increased by the art of irrigation. I judge that only a comparatively small portion of Eastern Oregon can be profitably subjected to irrigation; but it is certain that there are many comparatively small districts, amounting in the aggregate to a large area, that by this operation can be made very productive and valuable, and capable of supporting ten, an hundred, in some instances perhaps a thousand persons where they are now occupied by one. All this will take time, energy, enterprise, patience; but the rewards are ample and sure. The soil, even though in appearance a perfect desert, is in every case exceedingly fertile; the only questions necessary to be answered satisfactorily are: Can a sufficient supply of water be obtained? And at what cost? He who thus conquers a barren waste, and makes it productive, not only makes for himself a home and becomes independent, but benefits his neighbor, the community around him, the county, the state, the nation, and humanity.

IMMIGRATION.

The population of Eastern Oregon has increased steadily, if gradually, since its first settlement. Being an inland region, it has escaped the "booming" of coast localities, and its growth has been normal and healthy. While, as a whole, it is not calculated to sustain as large a population as some other regions, it can accommodate many tens of thousands more of people, ere its resources and opportunities are exhausted. With so large an area of fertile soil, a generally mild and healthful climate, and so many avenues of honest effort, its plains and its mountains, its breezes and its brooks, its manifold forms of natural capital, speak to its residents in whispers of encouragement, and to strangers in terms of modest invitation. It presents little of its best side to the traveler; the railroad was built to accommodate itself to topographical conditions, not to show off the country; yet the observant stranger must know that there are valuable resources in a country that supports such towns as Baker City, La Grande, Pendleton, and The Dalles; and that affords such evidences of business and prosperity all along the line. Eastern Oregon needs immigrants—of certain sorts—and they will come gradually. It wants no speculators, no boomers, no mere money-lenders, no professional men from lawyers to gamblers, who think it is an easier country to gain a livelihood by than elsewhere—but on no easier terms—than in other localities. It wants good, faithful, persevering, capable men, who are ready and able to engage in and aid all sorts of industrial enterprises; young, pushing, progressive, earnest, home-building, industry-developing, state-swelling men. For such there is room and opportunity in Eastern Oregon; and there such men will succeed.

I have already alluded to the completion of the Cascades locks, the construction of which was begun eighteen years ago. For the first time steamboats began a few weeks ago to ascend the river to The Dalles. The consequence will be the saving of hundreds of thousands of dollars annually to the producers of that portion of Eastern Oregon and Washington tributary to points between the Cascades and The Dalles, inclusive. This, when all agricultural products are produced at a small margin of profit, if any, is a mighty big help to the producers of that region, which, understand, extends back—at least on the Oregon side of the river—at least 150 miles. The at least equally productive region lying beyond that affected by this event has still much to work for and hope for in the same direction. It may not be very many years till the boat railway near Celilo is completed, and then the producers of the farther Eastern Oregon—Gilliam, Morrow, Umatilla and adjacent counties—will be relieved of a very appreciable portion of their transportation burdens. If it were known that the boat railway would not be completed in another eighteen years, it would richly repay the producers of those counties to build a portage railroad, at their own expense, to connect the upper and middle river. Even as it is, they have been granted quite liberal reductions in freight rates, compared with those of a few years ago; and in a few years more they will secure further advantages and still better terms, until, with their big crops and favorable climate, they will be in a very satisfactory position, as regards the transportation of their products to the world's markets. The great river of the Northwest must and shall be open from the head of navigation to the sea. The great work already accomplished is an earnest of that yet to be done. Having done so much, the government will not stop now, but, under the contract system, is sure to push the other great project to a successful termination. And all development, all progress, all increase of products or business in that region, comes as a forcible argument for the accomplishment of that work.

A SUMMARY GLANCE.

And thus from my eyrie I have hastily glanced over that variegated expanse, from snow-clad mountains to gliding river; and behold, when all is considered and compared and assimilated and appreciated, it is "very good." If I have been chilled by fathomless heaps of snow, I know that they can transform arid wastes into rich gardens. If I have stood almost appalled at the ruggedness of the mountains and the abysses of the canyons, I have smiled upon them as I reflected that there are literally "millions in them." If I have let my vision wander across many miles of plain, upon which the summer sun beats down unhindered, I conjured the vision of many a good, staunch ship, bearing away the products of these prairies to feed the people of far distant lands. And as I overlooked ten thousand flocks and herds, and their owners and attendants, and began to pity them on account of their quiet, solitary life, I reflected that here was freedom, health, comparative innocence, almost certain pecuniary gains; and that perhaps God is nearer, and more accessible, here on these hills, than in the more crowded, selfish avenues of life. It was the shepherds who heard the first Christmas carol. Even as my gaze turned toward the strips of sandy wastes I found encouragement and promise; fragrant and beautiful wild flowers peeped up at me, though "born to blush unseen"; and a vagrant and giant stalk of grain by a tiny oasis was eloquent of the virtues of its little spot of mother earth. And then my vision passed out and down upon the great, silent, gliding, rushing, mystery-bearing river, and it seemed to whisper of beneficent and glorious things to be, of which it was born to be the mother, and our great government the father. But the sun goes down behind the evergreen mountains, and plain and valley fade from sight.

What more can I say in this brief, rambling [illegible] our fair and fertile [illegible] least [illegible] most, and those who become well-[illegible] quaint [illegible] do not want to leave it. In [illegible] common [illegible] Pacific Northwest, Eastern Oregon will surely and steadily progress, develop, and add to and enlarge its opportunities for all worthy, toiling citizens. The fruitful fields and blossoming orchards will still spread over our bare prairies; mountains will send down greater and richer returns; even some of our desert places, by the aid of water now going to waste, will be made to bloom and blossom as the rose. The cattle and sheep and swine of our thousands of hills will multiply for men's benefit; and the fame of our products shall reach to the uttermost parts of the land. Our cities will grow and our towns multiply; one enterprise will follow on the heels of another; and when in a good old age, after a well-spent life, each of us lies down on the old all-mother's breast, we can say: "I am glad I lived here; I had my portion of a goodly heritage."

J. P. WAGER.

CRATER LAKE.

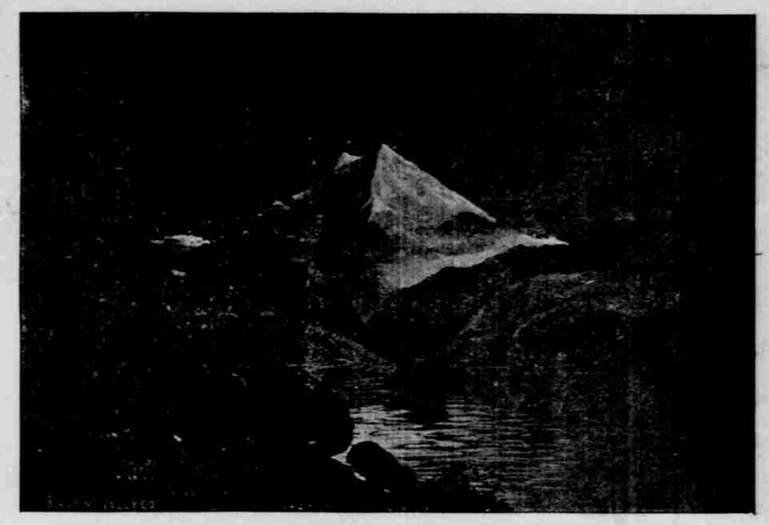
Crater Lake, in Klamath county, one of the fourteen counties of Eastern Oregon, may here receive attention. It is presumably an extinct volcano in the Cascade range. Here is a chasm with a total depth of 5000 feet. Over 2000 feet of this is occupied by a body of water 6 miles wide and 8 miles long. This lake lies 6,330 feet above the level of the sea, and at various points 1000 to 5000 feet below the perpetually snow-capped rim of the walls which surround it. At but one point can an approach be made to the water. A little southwest of the center of the lake a circular island rises to a height of 850 feet. In the top of this Wizard Island is the Witches' Caldron, 100 feet deep and 475 feet across. Everywhere are the evidences of the dread forces which produced it, inspiring one with much less admiration for its beauty than terror at its awfulness. Some five townships, within which lies Crater Lake, have been set apart as the Oregon National Park, containing many objects of great natural beauty and wonder. Springs, hot and cold, medicinal and hygenic, are numerous in the vicinity, while its fine lakes and streams abound with fish. Game is plentiful and the country about Crater lake is becoming a paradise for those who love hunting and fishing.

MULTNOMAH FALLS—COLUMBIA RIVER.

LATOURELLE FALLS—COLUMBIA RIVER.

BLUFF ON COLUMBIA RIVER.

THE PILLARS OF HERCULES—COLUMBIA RIVER.



MOUNT ADAMS—FROM COLUMBIA RIVER.